

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Take A Rest"

*[Sugarhill Gang] "Now what you hear is not a test"*  
*[cut up x4 by DJ Premier]*

*[Guru]*

Well goodness gracious, let me just take this  
time out to pull a rhyme out, and update this  
For you and yours, simply because  
Some MC's have luck but suck  
So I pluck em like feathers on the back of a chicken  
Cause I'm mad like a pit when my man says, "sick 'em"  
Positive is the mindstate, but it could still mean that  
I will kick a ill, malicious like mean rap  
Suckers they forced me, to knock em all out and  
They think they know things, like what I'm about and  
They try to analyze criticize scandalize  
The outcome is death, don't ask me to sympathize  
Realize, that I'm not to be played with  
I'll flip so fast, you won't know I'm the same kid  
I'm tired and fed, with all the weak stuff said  
All the phony-baloney, that went out like Pro-Keds  
You've got no leads, so you shoot blanks  
It's me the crowd thanks as I step to the top ranks  
Bankin my money, and investin it wisely  
Snatchin up chumps when they try to sneak by me  
I'm the dominant one, call me the prominent one  
And as I'm speakin I'll be bombin the dumb  
deaf and blind cause I was born with a sharp mind  
Eatin MC's with ease like it's lunchtime  
or crunchtime, when they get done without warning  
I'll bust that butt from nighttime til morning  
Your song's boring, and so I'm scoring  
much points cause when it's time to throw joints  
I cause havoc, the mic I grab is like savage  
I invade the stage, and make you get off  
The force is like a three-eight, blowin your head off  
And that's just in case you might be wearin a vest  
Cause you're simply a pest in this mess I suggest you  
"Take a rest"

*[KRS-One] "If this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest"*  
*[DJ Premier cuts x2]*

*[Guru]*

Don't ever sleep son, peep one or two of these lines here  
Arranged by a great brain, delivering rhymes clear  
and concise with a nice dope voice and  
killin the fakes like a taste of some poison

Punks are thinkin they're alla that, their voices are all flat  
They're findin their names, in a Wack Rapper's Almanac  
Me follow that hollow crap, no way Jose  
I'll seek out a better sound, to somethin Premier plays  
Days will go by, and soon you'll know why  
MC's like me will rise like the Enterprise  
Starship, headin straight for the target  
Destination, a place where no perpetration  
is permitted, the Guru is with it to explain  
How some MC's are scared to ride on a Four train  
Or any other train in the city, for that matter  
Playin a role that they stole like a batter  
But I know they ain't so I'll paint the real picture  
My vocals go solo and like a bolo I'll hitcha  
square in your face I'll crack your ribs and your chest  
Cause you thought your off-brand jam was the best  
You fessed cause you guessed people would be impressed  
I'm gonna bust that bubble on the double "take a rest"

*[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for the chorus]*

*[Guru]*

Sit back and reflect, ponder and chill out  
Rhymes like daggers make blood spill out  
But you can't blame me, for bringin disaster  
With all these ducks, claimin that they're the masters  
Only thing they mastered, is how to get wacker  
As I roll uphill, they roll downhill faster  
Now they're wondering how they lost their touch  
Wanna buy my rhymes but mine cost too much  
I'm the innovative one, call me the creative one  
and I won't stop til the job is done  
All the slobs just run when I come to get some  
Cause they know better, than to challenge this go-getter  
They get bust you can trust cause I won't let a  
booty-ass rapper get wins against me?  
I guarantee that I won't act friendly  
Cause crabs have a nerve and deserve to get whipped on  
Their girls get kissed on, while they get flipped on  
I slaughter and slay, or slap em up quick  
Cause the lyrics they kick make me seriously sick  
No substance, no value, but nevertheless  
They're gettin daytime play but I still say they should "take a rest"

*[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for four bars, then song fades]*